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LITTLE ODES

TO

GREAT FOLKS.

Lunar Caustic del.

What is this spectre of affright, | *A shadow thrown upon the wall*
With which they would delude our sight? | *A magic-lanthorn-shew! that's all!"* Page 15.

Published by S.& H. Oddy, Oxford-Street, London. 1809.

Lunar Caustic del.

LITTLE ODES

TO

GREAT FOLKS;

WITH A

DEDICATORY DITHYRAMBIC

TO

SIR R-CH-RD PH-LL-PS, KNIGHT.

BY PINDAR MINIMUS.

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

By Sextus Sciblerus.

———— Operoso parvus
Carmina fingo.

HOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. LEWIS, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
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1808.

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TO THE READERS,

GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

My great ancestor, Pindar the First, is (as the curious reader may already know) long since deceased. His bastard Peter, they say, is still alive, or rather breathing, for he is known to be dead to all the purposes of poetry, and he was lately proved before the Lord Chief Justice, to be defunct as to any use the better part of man could make of him. A fine opening seems to present itself—

——Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

Sep. 18 Sotheran 159

p 42016

To rival my namesake of Greece, indeed, Horace* despaired, and so do I. His audacious dithyrambics† who shall dare to imitate,—save Mr. George Dyer?‡ His rebellious numbers who,—save Mr. Robert Southey?§ His sublime unintelligibility

---

* See Carm. lib. 4. Ode 2.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.
Seu per *audaces* nova *dithyrambos,*
Verba devolvit, *numeris que fertur*
lege solutis—&c.

† Of the exact nature of a *Dithyramb'c*, little is known. One principal characteristic, however, seems to have been what *Boileau* calls "*un beau désordre.*"

‡ See "Odes," &c. by a gentleman of this name.

§ See Mr. Southey's "Thalaba, the Destroyer"—of Rhyme and Reason.

what modern durst attempt,—save Mr. Thomas Taylor * and Doctor Edwards? †

But while, with an ingenious candour, I confess that my poetical talents are inferior to those of the "deep-mouth'd Theban," I will not allow that the subjects immortalized by his muse have any superiority over those hereinafter immortalized by mine, or expressed or intended so to be. ‡

---

* See this gentleman's preface to his translation of *Maximus Tyrius*, in which he says that to be intelligible, is not his intention.

† See divers works by this incomparable Doctor—one called "The True Æra of Mankind," which, when you have read thro'—

———You raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder what it's all about.

‡ Our poet has evidently borrowed these expressions from the gentlemen of the *Law*, who properly attached

Look thro' the Greek and Roman historians,—nay, if you chuse, turn over our annual volumes of "Public Characters,"—and then point me out, if you can, a Personage, more illustrious than the Knight to whom I have ventured (without permission) to dedicate this volume.

As for the Lords and Commons, who follow, their merits have, some of them, been already said or sung; and it may at first appear presumptuous in me to touch them at all, after the well-merited celebrity conferred on them by their peculiar poet, POLYPUS. But, let it be remembered that *Odes* are not *Satires*, and that the subject is inexhaustible.

---

to "the glorious uncertainty" of it, never venture to state a fact, without at the same time modestly hinting a doubt of it.

But tho' born a poet, I never set up for a commentator; and tho' an Ode may be pindaric, in the highest degree, it by no means follows that the maker can himself explain its meaning. Few genuine poets have been able to illustrate their own works. Thus Goldsmith, when he was asked whether slowness of locomotion was meant by the first line of his Traveller—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, *slow*,"

ignorantly answered, *yes*,—'til Doctor Johnson set him right, and satisfactorily proved to him and the company, that he meant quite a different thing.* Whether the elder Pindar ever understood all he wrote, can now be only matter of conjecture.

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* Every reader of Boswell will remember this anecdote.

However that be, he certainly has sadly puzzled his commentators;—and this, intirely owing to his having had no friend or editor, to revise and illustrate his works, at the time of publication.

Warned by the sad effects of his neglect, I am happy to assure my Reader, that I have, at a great expence, engaged an Editor, possessing every qualification to render our union desirable, and with a sagacity so truly Warburtonian, that he has pledged his credit to find a meaning for whatever I may chuse to write.

And now, gentle Readers, wishing you as much pleasure in the perusal of the following Odes, as I have had in the composition of them, I bid you farewell,

with a hint, that if you buy up half a dozen editions of these, you may possibly have "More Odes" at a future time.—

Your's—

P. M.

*** The Notes of my learned Editor, SEXTUS SCRIBLERUS, are marked with his initials.

N. B. Since the Title-page was printed off, my Publisher has hinted that he has been told by a learned friend, that some of my Odes are longer than the longest of Pindar,---and therefore suggested whether the epithet "Little" be strictly proper;—but

I immediately set him at ease, by pointing out that the Odes were still *little*, in comparison with the *great merits* of the heroes whom they celebrate.

DYTHYRAMBIC ODE,*

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO

SIR RI-CH-RD PH-LL-PS,

FORMERLY OF L-C-ST-R, LATE OF ST. P——'S C——H Y——D, NOW OF N-W BR-DGE S——T,

Knight!!!

Αναξιφορμιγγες υμνοι,
τινα θεον, τιν' ηρωα,
τινα δ'ανδρα κελαδησομεν;

PINDAR OLYMP. II.

En!

——— *EQUITEM—*

Insultare solo, et gressus glomerare superbos!

Virg. Geor. III. 117.

HEARD† ye not yon' rumbling coaches?
Saw ye not yon' maces bright!
What "PUBLIC CHARACTER" approaches?
'Tis Sir R-CH-RD PH-LL-PS, Knight!

---

* The Author affects not to conceal, that in the Ode ensuing, he may, occasionally, be tracked in the footsteps of Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Milton, and other congenial Poets. A few instances are noted, for the benefit of the unlearned reader.

† "Heard ye not yon' footsteps dread?"—*Chorus in Mason's Caractacus.*

Printed by S. A. and H. Oddy,
27, Oxford Street.

His love of fame, how nobly great!*
How nicely powder'd is his pate!
With bag, and sword, and gown!
From gilded chariot he surveys†
The rabble's wonder-stricken gaze,
As Fleet Street he rides down!
And there, 'mid loud huzzas.‡
Proudly o'er-topping Tag-Rag-Bob,‖
The Sheriff-Knight
Sits bolt upright,
And seems to rule the Mob!§

---

* *Milton* calls it "the last infirmity of noble minds." *Churchill* foolishly says—"Common to *fools* and wits the rage of Fame." S. S.

† "Equis curruque superbo fertur." Hor.

‡ "Io, magna voce, Triumphe, canent." Ov. Trist. 4, 19.

‖ "Veheris Populi ritè per ora." Ov. Trist.

§ "And seems to shake the spheres." Dryden's *Ode to St. Cecilia.*

CHORUS.

Sound your tympans, * pressman all!

Beat, each printer's-dev'l, his ball!

Thump-ity, thump—

Dump-ity, dump—

Quick let it rise—quick let it fall! †

---

* The *tympan* is a part of a printing-press, made of parchment. The *ball*, stuffed with wool, and covered with a pelt, lays the ink on the Types.—*Note by Printer's Devil.*

† Every pressman will recognize the imitative harmony of these lines, evidently formed by our poet on the precept of Pope—

"And be the sound an echo of the sense."

See Homer's Iliad, and for a more modern example, take the following, from THORNTON's *Ode to St. Cecilia:*

"In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
"And clatt'ring, and batt'ring, and clapping combine,
"With a rap, and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
"Up and down leaps the flaps, and with rattling rebounds!"

S. S.

See, see—

'Tis He—

The mighty Master of you all!

Ye that write books, ye that bind,—

Each creature of the letter'd kind,—

Together meet

In N-w Br-dge Street,

To sing SIR R-CH-RD's praise!

Ye *Stars** proclaim

His matchless fame,

In Doctor B-SBY's lays!

Rise, Sir R-CH-RD—SIR R-CH-RD PH-LL-PS rise!

Be-dubb'd—be-prais'd—be-paragraph'd—arise!

---

* See "*Lines to R. P. Esq. Sheriff, &c. by Dr. B.*" which appeared in the STAR. *Sic itur ad astra.* Our Knight, I have heard, is one of the proprietors of that luminous print, as is, or was, that learned Flagellant, Doctor V. of Reading. And yet the editor of the *Sun* hath the astonishing assurance to assert (at least in his motto) that *Sol clarior Astro!* S. S.

'Twas at the Lord May'r's feast, on Easter day,*
When London looks so gay,
Aloft, in chair of state,
Sir R-CH-RD PH-LL-PS sate!
The Common-council-men around
Scarce dar'd to look above the ground;
The DIXONS, fam'd for sound and sense,
Twin thunderbolts of eloquence,†
Great at Guildhall, beyond dispute,
As Gog and Magog then were mute!
The Aldermen, each one in turn,
With paunch that heaves, and cheeks that burn,‡

---

* "'Twas at the Royal Feast, for Persia won, &c." *DRYDEN'S Ode.*

† Duo fulmina belli—Scipiadæ. *Virg. Æn.*

‡ "With thoughts that breathe and words that burn." *GRAY.*

Sir William Curtis, Colonel Birch,

Firm pillars both of State and Church,

Price,—Leighton,—Eamer,—Perring,—Combe,*

And names for which I can't find room,—†

Congratulations pouring on the Knight,

Hail'd him the City's safe-guard and delight!‡

Doctor B-sby, plac'd on high,§

Amid the civic band,

---

* Alcandrumque, Halicmque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimq. *Virg. Æn.* 9. 767.

† "With sundry other articles too numerous to mention." *Vide* Coxe and Christie's Prospectuses, *passim.* S. S.

‡ Et præsidium et dulce decus. Hor. *lib.* 1. *Od.* 1.

§ "Timotheus plac'd on high," &c. Dryden's *Ode.*

Scrap'd the fiddle with a master's hand,

The notes immortal to the ceiling fly!

" Books and the Man, I sing,*

" Who first from LEIC-ST-R came,

" To LONDON town, compell'd by fate,

" In search of food and fame!

" For food and fame his appetite would raise

" Hungry alike for pudding and for praise!"

The court around,

Rouz'd by the sound,

Gaz'd with delight

Upon the Knight:

The croud without

Set up a shout,

Which soon thro' Cheapside flies—

---

* Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris, &c. VIRG. *Æn.* i. 1.

"Sir R-CH-RD PH-LL-PS, Knight!" N-w-Br-dge-Street cries —

"Sir R-CH-RD PH-LL-PS, Knight!" Saint Paul's replies—

"Sir R-CH-RD PH-LL-PS, Knight!" re-echoes to Battersea-Rise.*

Sooth'd with the sounds, the Knight grew vain—

† Eat all his dinners o'er again—

And thrice the turtle he devour'd, and thrice he quaff'd Champaigne—‡

---

* "Eurydice the woods,—
"Eurydice the floods—
"Eurydice the rocks rebound."
POPE'S *Ode to St. Cecilia.*

† "Fought all his battles o'er again,
"And thrice he routed all his foes,
"And thrice he slew the slain."
DRYDEN'S *Ode.*

‡ Our Poet, altho' intimately acquainted with the excellencies of Sir R. P.'s public character, seems to have been somewhat ignorant of his private habits. The worthy

The Doctor saw his colour rise,*
His burning cheeks, his blazing eyes,
And while the Lord May'r he defied,
Chang'd his tune, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse,—

Knight is a disciple of the Pythagorean Philosopher, RITSON, and religiously abstains from all fleshly food, lest he should unwittingly devour a piece of his grandmother. See the incomparable Ritson's Treatise "On Abstinence from Animal Food," in which it is proved to demonstration, that all the sheep and oxen, cruelly butchered for our tables, are nothing more or less than our forefathers, served up in the shape of beef and mutton. On the physical effects of a vegetable diet, consult Mr. Rymer's Tract "On the Nutriferous system in Men, Quadrupeds, and Birds, and *all Creatures which have Livers*," under one or other of which heads, you will be sure to find the case of Sir R. P.

S. S.

* "Timotheus saw his madness rise," &c. DRYDEN'S *Ode*.

He sang poor Curl,*
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate—
In his shop expos'd he lies,
And by Swift's pen most prematurely dies!†
Sir R-CH-RD hung his pensive brow,
In sensibility dissolving,
The various turns of life revolving,
His former fate—his fortunes now!
In fancy rapt, he visions sees—
(But such, I ween, as little please)—
Across his memory sudden flash
Stockings—ribbands—tapes—and trash—

---

* "He sang Darius great and good." DRYDEN'S *Ode.*

† See Narrative of the Death and Burial of Curl, in Swift's Misc.

A Hosier now no more!
Dim and deserted, all in tears,
The *Leicester Herald's* ghost appears,
With bad debts many a score—
While many a libel, many a lie,
Call forth a groan, call forth a sigh!
Much-musing on his Herald's mournful fate, *
Dissolv'd in grief, Sir R-ch-rd Ph-ll-ps sate!

The tuneful Doctor smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree.
Softly sweet he sang a score†
Of songs by Little Thomas M-re—

---

* Sir R. P.'s desertion of the fair *Herald* can be compared to nothing so aptly as the "pius Æneas" 's conduct to poor Dido—*Infelice Dido*——But Mr. P. like his prototype, was, it seems, *fato profugus*, and like him, no doubt declared,

——*Nec ego hanc abscondere furto*
Speravi, finge, fugam. S. S.

† "Softly sweet in Lydian measures," &c. Dryden's *Ode.*

Books, he sang, are toil and trouble,*
Learning but an empty bubble, †
Never ending, still beginning,
Ink and paper still employing;
If a plum ‡ be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think, it worth enjoying!
Lovely A—— sits beside thee, §
Take what the Lord May'r provides thee!

---

* "War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
"Honour but an empty bubble," &c. DRYDEN'S *Ode.*

† Learning, that cobweb of the brain," &c. *Doctor Ralpho in Hudibr.* Cant. 3, 1339.

‡ Sir R. P. is said to hold (since his removal into Br-dge St-eet,) that no man is worth a thought, who is not worth a plum. S. S.

§ "Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
"Take the good the Gods provide thee," &c.
DRYDEN'S *Ode.*

Th' Egyptian Hall is rent with loud applause,
So Love* was crown'd, but Music won the cause!
The Knight, unable to conceal his pain,†
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again!
At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
The sighing Sheriff sank upon her breast!‡

---

* But where was *Hymen* all this time? Is not our gallant Knight already bound *in vinculo matrimonii?* Or doth he think, with a celebrated Sir of former times, who was himself the "Mirror of Knighthood," that men of their "passing worth"

———should be allow'd
In love a greater latitude. HUDIB.

† "The Prince," &c. DRYDEN'S *Ode.*

‡ "The vanquished victor," &c. *Ibid.*

Now blow, ye trumpeters, amain:*
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder
Rouse him, like Pizarro's rolling† thunder!
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!
Revenge, revenge! the Doctor cries,
Rise Sir R-CH-RD, rise!
See! *Mister Bl—re*‡
Is at the door,
With "*Rutland Literati*" half a score!

---

* "Now strike the golden lyre again," &c. DRYDEN'S *Ode.*

† This is a very expressive epithet to those who are acquainted with the mechanical philosophy of thunder at the Theatres. S. S.

‡ "See the Furies arise," &c. DRYDEN'S *Ode.*

Behold a black-guard band,*
Of "Parish Clerks," from "Country Churches"
flocking,
Each a "Register" in hand,†
Making, with nasal twang, a hubbub shocking!
Behold!‡ how they shake their shovels on high,§
And point to Stamford town;
The Sheriff of Middlesex boldly defy,
And call judicial vengeance down!‖
Sir R-CH-RD's ire
Rose higher and higher,

---

* "Behold a ghastly band," &c. DRYDEN's *Ode.*

† "Each a torch in his hand." *Ibid.*

‡ "Behold how they toss their torches on high!" *Ibid.*

§ Country parish-clerks usually unite the official duties of sexton and grave-digger. S. S.

‖ All writs, in the original, are returnable by the Sheriff of Middlesex. Vide *Tidd's Practice in K. B. and C. P.*

He said no more,

But lept on Bl-re,

And from his hand, with furious joy,

Seiz'd on the "Statement," with zeal to deſtroy,*

And put it in the fire!

A "pot-de-chambre," of abuse brim full,

He hurl'd at the "church-yard" Antiquaries' skull—†

Then "lights!"‡ he call'd—

"My coach!" he bawl'd—

And left the hall—

The feaſt—the ball—

The Common-council, Aldermen, Lord May'r, and all!

---

* "The King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy."

DRYDEN.

† "When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
"The line too labours, and the words move slow."

POPE.

‡ "Lights, ho!" *Hamlet.*

Home he went, and went to bed—
With weary body, aching head:
'Twas long e'er Morpheus could "controul
The insurrection in his soul."
Sad time uneasy on his bed he lay,
Now, turn'd him this—and then, that way,
Like good King Arthur, ere struck dumb
By lanthorn-ghost of Gaffer Thumb!*
At length his heavy eye-lids close—
He snores a broken doze.
And now beneath the dunnest "pall of night,"
In thought he wander'd far from human sight,†

---

* The reader, who has seen King Arthur, at Covent Garden, will recognize the beauty of this allusion. S. S.

† The classical critic need not be told that the lyric poet here enters into competition with the epic—and Sir R-CH-RD PH-LL-P's dream will, no doubt, be not less memorable than the descent of Æneas. S. S.

Till at last,
He had past,
(Driv'n on by fate!)
An ivory gate,*
Which led him strait
To dreary realms of Tartarus below,
Where, *nolens-volens*, he must go!
How did his curdling heart's-blood freeze, †
When there he sees—
Booksellers—Printers—many an one,—
Broiling on Pluto's gridiron,—
While hungry authors eager stood,
Famish'd for want of solid food,

---

* Sunt geminæ Somni portæ: quarum altera fertur
Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Altera, *candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;*
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.
VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 893 *and seq.*

† Consistit Æneas——exterritus—
VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 559.

And printer's devils, like Dolly's cooks,*
All busily a-carving,
Serv'd up rump-steaks, instead of books,
To save their souls from starving. †

There too he saw
Those who on earth escap'd the law;
Whose prurient ears
Were ne'er submitted to the critic's shears—
Curl—Tonson—Noble ‡—either Bell— §
And more whose names I may not tell—

---

* What citizen of *taste* hath not heard of *Dolly?*

† Is not this a beautiful specimen of *Poetical Justice?* In this world, booksellers dine on poor authors—in the next, we find the case reversed. The force of the image will be felt by many a frequenter of the Chapter Coffee House. S. S.

‡ See Mr. Godwin's preface to his "damn'd" Tragedy of *Faulkner*. Poor Faulkner! cast and condemned, e'er half

There too was H-GH-S, from W-gm-re Street,
Reeking with scandal, * spit upon, and beat— †

---

the town knew that there was such a gentleman in existence. Was this poetical, or political, justice?—Mr. G.'s friends *got up two* Epilogues—but one of them did not come to hand 'till after the execution, so was never spoken. But (for 'tis a pity to lose a good thing) might not the second-best Epilogue have been published in the shape of an Elegy? S. S.

§ It is impossible the poet can here mean to allude to the son and sire, to whom the *Beau*—and—*Belle Monde* are so much indebted. Hear what a judicious writer hath said of Mr. B. the elder.——"He (Sir James Mackintosh) acci-"dentally became known to Mr. John B——, of the British "Library, who, always *contemplating great*, rather than "profitable, speculations, *has proved the original Mecænas* "of half the young men of enterprising talents *about town*, "and whose biography, if faithfully compiled, would in-"clude the early history of some of our *most celebrated* "*legislators*, most successful dramatists, and most popular "poets, male and female, of the present day."—*Public Char.* Art. *Sir J. Mackintosh.*—Surely Sir R. P. will, in a future volume, favour the world with a life of this "*Original Mecænas.*" S. S.

* The villainous trash that this man publishes, with

All were condemn'd a bonfire of their books to
make,
And purge their sins therein, * for Decency's fair
sake.
But from these sights soon call'd away,
The Knight his own name heard pronounc'd—
And at the bar of Minos' court,
By clerk of the arraigns denounc'd!
Th' indictment charg'd him—ah! his luckless
doom!—
With stealing plans from *Alexander's Tomb.* §

---

unblushing effrontery, at the most exorbitant price, is almost beneath contempt. 'Tis good, however, perhaps, that the follies and vices of the "great vulgar" should be subject to exposure by the base profligacy of the "small." S. S.

† Pyrrhus, an experienced general, after one victory, said that such another would be his ruin. H-gh-es, that experienced bookseller, is reported to say, that another such *beating* will make his fortune. S. S.

* Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igne.
VIRG. *Æn.* 6. 742.

§ See note at the end of the Ode.

But oh! what horror seized his guilty frame,
When, as at Stamford, still the same,
In witness-box, his face before,
Stood Mister Bl-re!
Ah who shall paint,*
Trembling and faint,
The count'nance of the culprit Knight?
But—as the Court was going to pass
Sentence—the braying of an ass
Awoke him in a fright!

He rubb'd his eyes—he rang his bell—
The sweat drops down his temple fell—†

---

* Whether this vision of Sir R. P. is to be ranked only among the *ægri somnia* (as by the *ivory gate* seems intended)—or was in truth a preternatural spectacle—could the poet for a moment doubt about the choice of a painter if he had seen the pictures of F-s-li? S. S.

† Sudor fluit undique rivis. VIRG.

The vision press'd his conscience sore,—
He almost thought he still saw Bl-re!
What mortal knight dares do, he dares,*
So wash'd, shav'd, dress'd, and ran down stairs;
(But first around his neck, ye Graces!
His golden chain he duly places;†)
There, by the breakfast-table, sat,
Stroking with gentlest hand the cat,
The chief of trav'lling Knights, I warrant,‡
And who, in truth, was a knight-errant:

---

* "I dare do all that does become a man." *Macbeth.*

† This must be a slight error of our poet, as it is well known to those intimately acquainted with him, that Sir R. P. always makes a point, whether dressed or undressed, of wearing his gold chain, duly considering that, in the eye of the law, his magisterial capacity, and, of course, his magisterial honours, exist by night as well as by day. Hence I have heard it suggested that Lady P. may one of these days be happily delivered of a little sheriff, with a gold-chain and all its paraphernalia complete. S. S.

‡ "Chief of domestic Knights and errant." *Hudibras.*

With loving haste,

The Knights embrac'd,*

And all Sir R-CH-RD's cares seem'd o'er:

"The Stranger's" stories now he hears—

The jokes raise mirth, the pathos tears—

He thinks not now of Bl-re!

"Travel, travel, gentle Sir!

"The ladies all applauses purr—

"Another quarto, by next spring,

"Will be, Sir John, the very thing;

"Thy wire-wove, hot-press'd, tales and jokes

"Are daintiest relish for fine folks."

Then Sir John C-rr, him answ'ring, said, †

"Thou first of Booksellers, alive or dead!

"Be it thro' water—be it thro' fire—

"I'll go whereever you desire."

---

* O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuêrunt! Hor.

† Τον δ'απαμειβομενος προσεφη——Hom. *Iliad.*

‡ Ατρειδη Κυδιστε, αναξ ανδρων, Αγαμεμνων. *Ibid.*

The worthy pair * then fell a stuffing,
Each, with his compliments and muffin.
An equal glory share the rival Knights,
Sir R-ch-rd publishes what *Sir John* writes! †
What can Sir R-CH-RD's fame excel—
Lov'd by the sister arts so well?
Music by Doctor B-sby speaks his praise;—
Poesy greets him in pindaric lays;—
Painting his high deserts shall nobly crown,
And give his portrait to th' admiring town.
What matchless dignity and grace
Beam thro' the canvas of that face! ‡

---

* ———animæ neque candidiores
Terra tulit HOR. *Sat.* 1. 5.

† Alas! since this was written, another quarto of Sir John's Travels is advertized to be published—but not by Sir R-ch-rd! What hath caused a division between such *dear* friends I know not. S. S.

‡ Every reader must see that this alludes to the portrait of Sir R. P. which appeared in the Exhibition this year.—

" An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command;—
" His cheeks are as red as a rose;—
" He looks like a" Knight " of high degree,
" When dress'd in his" Sheriff's " clothes!"

CHORUS.

Sound your tympans, pressmen all,
Beat, each printer's-devil, his ball,
Thump-ity, thump—
Dump-ity dump—
Quick let it rise, quick let it fall!
See, see!
'Tis He,
The mighty master of you all!

I have heard that it was at first intended to paint Sir R. P. in his state coach and four horses, with his coachman, postillion, and footmen in their orange liveries; but as the Royal Academy allows room for only two square yards of canvas to one picture, Sir R. P. was reluctantly obliged to make the most of himself, and cut as great a figure as he could, without his equipage. S. S.

Ye that write books, ye that bind,
All creatures of the letter'd kind,
Together meet
In N-w Br-d-e Street,
To sing Sir R-ch-rd's praise!
Ye *Stars* proclaim
His matchless fame,
In Doctor B-sby's lays!
Rise, Sir R-ch-rd—Sir R-ch-rd Ph-ll-ps rise!
Be-dubb'd, be-prais'd, be-paragraph'd, arise!

NOTE.

As a supplement to the above sublime Ode, I have thought it but justice to the incomparable author, as well as to the character of the Hero, and the convenience of the Reader, to subjoin a few passages from a valuable work, intitled "*Mr. Blore's Statement of a Correspondence with R—— P——, Esq. Sheriff, &c. &c. &c.*" which will tend much to illuminate the pindaric obscurity of some of the allusions.

Mr. Blore takes his motto from the book of *Genesis*—

"This one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a JUDGE."* *Genesis*, xix. 9.

It seems *Mister* P——, (for he was as yet no more) was introduced to Mr. Bl-re at Stamford, and the conversation naturally turning to literary subjects, the mention by Mr. Bl-re of an intended periodical publication on the subject of Antiquities, "filled Mr. P—— *with raptures*, and he was "*eager to embrace a connexion* with Mr. B— in such an "undertaking."

During this visit, Mr. B. says, "Mr. P—— had taken "no other pains to make me sensible of my insignificance "than by the display of his own importance, *the history of* "*city-dinners, and a warm description of his prospect of* "*state-coaches, maces, and gold chains.*"

On Mr. P.'s return to London, he immediately set to work to make Mr. B. a Public Character; and, accordingly, in

* Let the *Stars* bear witness to the consummate ability with which Sir R. P. discharges the magisterial and judicial functions of his high station.

"*Lictor.* For look you, one so newly warm in office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true justice,
Hit where he will: the more ye whip and bang, Sir,
(Tho' without cause—let that declare itself hereafter)
The more ye are admir'd.

"*Geta.* Nay, I will be angry; and the best is, I need not shew my reason.

"*Lictor.* You need not, Sir; your place is without reason."

Beaumont and Fletcher's Prophetess, Act 2.

his *Monthly Magazine*, he informed the world, that "Mr. "B. of Stamford, *the accuracy and diligence of whose re-* "*searches* as an antiquary are well known to the public, "has long been engaged in preparing a History of the "county of Rutland," &c.

Mr. Bl-re notices this *puff*, (for so he unfeelingly calls Mr. P.'s elegant eulogium) only to protest against any concern in its publication.

In July, Mr. P. writes to Mr. B. that "he calculates "much on his assistance, (in the proposed Magazine) and "on the drawings, &c. of his son." In another letter, Mr. P. kindly hints, that, "if Mr. B.'s son came to town "for a month, *We* might find him a month's work in the "Abbey, Museum, and other places," and adds, that "one "subject in the 1st Number, will be The SARCOPHAGUS OF "ALEXANDER." In his next epistle, Mr. P. writes thus:

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU will essentially serve me, if you will per- "mit your *truly ingenious son* to make a drawing of the "*Sarcophagus of Alexander*, three-fourths of the heighth "and length of that in plate I. of the inclosed *—*and so to "vary the drawing, as that we may not be accused of* "PIRACY" !!!

In October, the 1st Number of the Antiquary's Magazine

* Egyptian Monuments, published by Longman and Co.

appeared, but Mr. P. having (as Mr. B. says) broken his promise with regard to the mode of publication, the latter wrote a letter of remonstrance. To this "*Mr. She-*"*riff* P——" (he had just attained this dignity) in his answer, stated that "he could find none but *church-yard* "*and pot-de-chambre antiquaries, for such the society ap-*"*pears to be composed of.*" Mr. B. replied, that "he "feels perfect contempt for the coarseness of sentiment and "filthiness of language, which constitute this specimen of "*his Worship*'s capacity for 'the insolence of office.'——" Mr. *Sheriff* P—— rejoins, that "the antiquarian specu-"lations, about which Mr. B. wastes his time, *are not* "*worth, when committed to paper, a farthing by the cart* "*load*—that his learning may perhaps have astonished the "*parish clerks,* and gained him the compliments of the "*Rutland Literati*—but that he (Mr. B.) *may plume him-*"*self on his* (Mr. Sheriff P.'s) *notice*—and he finally ad-"vises him *to quell the insurrection of vanity which has* "*taken place in his soul.*"

Upon this, Mr. B. comments in a style, which certainly evinces a sad deficiency of respect for so great a public character as Mr. Sheriff P. then was—(to say nothing of the additional greatness that he hath acquired since)—Mr. B. it should appear, is so rapt up in the rust of antiquity, that he has no admiration for the heroes of modern times. Hear his gothic sentiments—

" The magnificent remains of the taste, the skill, and the " splendor of our ancestors, the monuments and the por- " traits of legislators, who have improved the jurisprudence " of their country; of divines, who in the midst of fire have " maintained the purity of religion; and of patriots, who " have fought and bled in the defence of their laws and li- " berties; are far below the standard of Mr. P——'s ideas " of excellence in art, or of veneration for the sake of " morals. *And yet I am stupid enough to prefer such* " *things,—nay even the* Propitietur Deus *on an old tomb, to* " *the most gaudy triumphal car that can ever be built for* " *Mr. Sheriff P—— in Long Acre, and puffed through* " *half a page of a daily paper.*"

Strange! that so barbarous a taste should exist in this enlightened age! S. S.

ODE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

S-MU-L WH-TBR-D, M. P.

Argument.

THE Poet alludeth to Mr. WH-TBR-D's genealogy—likeneth him to his great ancestor PYM—complimenteth his eloquence, at the expence of his porter—a rhetorical phenomenon—hinteth at the proper place for such an orator, and compareth Mister W. to Orpheus—mantua-makers and milliners hail him as the champion of humanity—the Poet interrogateth Mr. W. and talketh of a tub—a simile from the brewery—difference between beer barrels and gallipots—a strong reason why Mr. W. should be made a Lord—the poet turns herald, and maketh out a coat of arms—exalteth learning above honour—noticeth, *en passant*, the Fellows of All Soul's College—invoketh Master Richard Lancaster—seeeth a glorious sight, and Mister W.'s future fame—compareth him to a Prince of Syracuse—and concludeth with a promise.

Printed by S. A. and H. Oddy,
Oxford-street.

ODE.

HAIL! SAMUEL, mighty man of Beer!
Descended from the *round head* PYM*—
And who, as clearly doth appear,
To all beholders,
On thy shoulders,
Hast got just such another head as him: †

---

* Mister S-MU-L WH-TBR-D, the elder, took great pains to trace his pedigree, in order to bear arms, like a gentleman. never heard that he got higher than Mr. PYM, of whom the curious reader may find some information in Dr. Grey's notes on Hudibras. Like the far famed Knight, he was one of those, who

"Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
"Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
"Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
"And blaspheme custard thro' the nose."

S. S.

† The blame of this blunder in syntax, is plainly attributable to Mr. *Pym*, and not to our poet.

For those who write in rhyme must make
The one verse for the other's sake.

W. Lewis, Printer, Paternoster-Row.

A *Presbyterian Whig* * was he—
There too thou'rt like, as pea to pea. †
For talking loud, PYM was admir'd—
For talking folly, held inspir'd;—
Something like is thine eloquence,
Which shews stong lungs, if not strong sense.
(Would that thy porter were as strong,
How well it would deserve a song!)
Rumbling upon the Commons' drowzy ear,
It pours its noisy tide of words along;
Tho' loud, not deep; tho' shallow, yet not clear;
And then most rapid, when most in the wrong.

---

* The *Whigs* were so called, at first, from a liquor in common use among the Scotch Presbyterians, which is described as "very sour." This is also alluded to in the old saying, "as sly and sour as a Presbyterian." S. S.

† Our poet probably had in his recollection *Sylvester Daggerwood*, who tells us, that master Daggerwood, a charming youth, was "as like his papa as two peas."
S. S.

Of C-NN-NG's eloquence, they swear,
It never thunders, but it lightens;
And the full Senate's loud clap "*Hear!*"
Follows the flash that Faction frightens:
Thy oratory, the more to raise our wonder,
(*Quinctilian* perhaps might deem it but a blunder)
Without the lightning, furnishes the thunder!
How would thy noisy pow'r of words delight
The *British Forum* * on a Thursday night!

---

* A celebrated School of Oratory, where city mercers, men-milliners, and managing clerks, legal and mercantile, are properly qualified for the bar, the pulpit, and the senate. Gentlemen, who have no impediments of speech, and are blessed with a flow of words, may earn, genteely, from five shillings to half-a-guinea a night, according to the length of their orations. They have also the privilege of introducing their friends and relations, male and female, free of expence. The qualifications for a chairman are much higher; he must have clean linen, and (if possible) a white waistcoat; he must not squint; (slight deafness is no objection) but above all, he must have a pair of the largest and

Fit rival there of Thelwall or Gale Jones,

Another Orpheus, * softening stocks and stones:

---

blackest eyebrows, which may instantly frown down folly and impudence, when they continue on their legs longer than the time allowed. S. S.

* Those who are deeply versed in classical learning, need not be informed that Orpheus was not a *fiddler*, as is commonly represented, but an *orator;* and that the poet, wishing to shew his power over the mob, represents him, by an easy metaphor, as moving the stocks and stones. The story of Eurydice is generally supposed to be allegorical, and to mean nothing more than that Orpheus, having lost his place as Prime Minister, tried to regain it, by appealing to the lowest populace, or, as the poet tells the tale, by descending to the infernal regions—

Si Superos nequeo superare, Acheronta movebo.

There are persons who affect to see a resemblance between Orpheus and some modern statesmen, who, like him, they say, have cast many a "longing, ling'ring look behind" at their lost Eurydice; and, despairing of regaining her, have become, if not "most musical," certainly "most melancholy." S. S.

There of French fevers tell a piteous tale,
While ev'ry list'ning milliner turns pale ;—
" Let them have Jesuits' Bark," you whimp'ring cry,—
Each sobbing sempstress wipes her wat'ry eye ;
Of hate towards NAP your hearers all disarming,—
Their bowels of compassion so alarming,
The mantua-makers sigh—" dear man, how charming ! "

But tell me, truly, honest Sam,
Is not thy patriotism a *sham*,
A tub thrown to deceive a whale ?
If—on the Cath'lic rocks ne'er stranded,
Safe in the Upper House you'd landed,
Of a tub, methinks, there'd been a diff'rent tale.

Thro' clouds of passion, thy vast views are clear,
Thou foam'st a patriot to subside a Peer.*
Thy frothy hogs head † will run o'er with words,
'Till safely bottled in the House of Lords. ‡

---

* The great misfortune of writing *Anno Domini*, one thousand eight hundred and eight, and *Anno Mundi*, six thousand and odd, is plainly this,—that, as an ingenious Frenchman observes, let an author hit upon however good a thought, 'tis more than ten to one, but somebody hath blundered upon the same before him. In the present instance, those unacquainted with the originality of our Poet, might imagine that he had copied the idea from those lines of Pope:

" Thro' clouds of passion, Pult'ney's views are clear,
" He foams a patriot, to subside a peer."

S. S.

† I am in some doubt whether this should be printed as two monosyllables, or as one dissyllable. Let the critics in syllables decide. S. S.

* Our immortal poet seems, in this instance, to have paid too implicit credit to the idle suggestions of certain news-

"A Porter-brewer a Lord!—how queer!"
And, pray, why not, Sir *Arch-Mac-Query?*
Was not *Lord Sid*—that famous peer,—
The son of an apothecary?
Honour may flow as fast, there's no denial,
Thro' a large bung-hole, as a little phial:
Why mayn't a peer be made from malt and hops
Well as from jalap, squills, and nettle-tops?
A new-made Lord would smell as sweet, I wot,
From a beer-barrel, as a gallipot.
Sam's wife's a *Lady,* and upon my word,
Samuel, her spouse, by right, should be a *Lord.*

---

paper editors, who declared that the Talents were about to recommend a new batch of Peers, and among the rest, Lord Wh-tbr-d, Baron of Ch-sw-ll Street. I have the best reason for believing, that Mr. W. himself never once thought of such an honour, being resolved to continue to the end of his days, a *simple* gentleman. S. S.

Let his arms be
Dray horses three,
Rampant upon a field *d'argent*;
For a *crest* put
An empty butt,
Turn'd topsy-turvy, right side wrong;
Two carmen, with two frothy pots of porter,
Will make, each one, an excellent *supporter*;
And for a *motto*, sure he can't desire
One more appropriate than—"WHITBREAD'S ENTIRE."

But what is honor without knowledge?
Only fit for All Souls' College.*
Learning, we know, outshines by far
The Peer's, and e'en the Prince's star!

---

* By the Statutes of All Souls (as every Oxonian knows) every Fellow must be "benè natus, benè vestitus, *mediocri-ter doctus*."

" When house and land are gone and spent,
" Then learning is most excellent;"
And, by the self same rule, it stands,
That they should learn who have no lands.

Then come my muse, and Dick Lancāster,
And ev'ry other great schoolmaster!
Pray, help me, in a soaring lyric,
To sing sage Samuel's panegyric.

O! what a glorious, wond'rous, sight,
To see a whole nation read and write!
The school-room Sal'sbury plain shall be,—
Sam Wh-tbr-d on Stonehenge shall sit,—
Penn'd round like sheep the scholars see,—
And in the dust their letters writ.

Great would-be *Lictor* of the nation!
Thy rod, like th' ancient Fasces, fear'd;

All at their books, in ev'ry station,
Would doff * their hats, when you appear'd !

Then " Samuel Whitbread," rightly spelt,
And copied fairly down,
Would give wiseacres joy heartfelt,
In every country town :
How would each clod-pate and each clown,
Thy badges on,
Thy primmers con,
And shew forth thy renown !
Methinks, methinks, thy future fame I see,
Thou patron of great A and bouncing B !

The Prince of Syracuse, like you,
Would rule a state, and keep a school;
But fit to manage men how few !
While most are fit to flog a fool.

---

* *Per elipsin* for *do off*, i. e. take off. S. S.

And easier far you'd find, I ween,
To whip the little boys who make a racket,
Than when, sage Sam, with "blund'ring" spleen,
You tried to beat the noble Scotchman's jacket.

Farewell, dear Sam, and when you're made a Lord,
I'll write another Ode, upon my word:
In the mean time,
Take this poor rhyme—
Of all your great admirers the most fervent.
I am your most obedient
humble Servant,

A

FRIENDLY ADMONITORY

ODE

To Mr. W. Rosc-e,

LATE TWELVEMONTHS M. P. FOR L-V-RP-OL.

Argument.

The Poet condoleth on his loss, and adviseth temperance—pathetically lamenteth the fall of the Talents, and dissuadeth his friend William from pamphleteering—maketh a simile, and compareth William to a wiseacre—declareth his respect for grave historians—and hinteth at the proper horse for such to ride—adviseth his friend to take an airing with his nurse—concludeth with a friendly admonition.

ODE.

Dear William, tho' you've lost your seat,*
Pray keep your temper, if you can—
Revenge, I know, is very sweet,
But suits it with your Christian plan ? †

---

* When "The Talents" got into power, thinking that Mr. R's talents had hitherto been hid in a napkin, they resolved to set it up in high places, and so made him into an M. P. When seated in the House of Commons, Mr. R. seemed to form his conduct on that wise saying of the Greeks:

κακως ακουειν κρεισσον η λεγειν κακως,

or, as our worthy English forefathers expressed it:

"The least said is soonest mended."

For the Speeches that Mr. R. did *not* make, see Parliamentary Register, *passim*. For his speeches *intended* to have been spoken, consult *Chaucer-Godwin's* Life of him (to be written and published some years hence), in which you will doubtless be told both what he did not say, and what he *might have said*. S. S.

† Of what sect of the Christian Religion, Mr. R. is a member, I never heard. He dresses like a *Quaker*, talks like a *Methodist*, and writes like a *Muggletonian*. S. S.

Besides, I own, I'm much in doubt,
Whether for vengeance this the hour;
Your friends, alas! are all shut out
From popularity and pow'r!

And tho' you shed much gall and ink,
And brandish high your grey-goose pen,
"The Talents" all begin to think,
You ne'er can write them *in* again.

Had you not better, my dear Billy,
Cease to perplex your honest brains,
Lest wicked wags should say you're silly,
To take your labour for your pains?

Ill luck betide the day you quitted
Hist'ry, and ran a-pamphleteering! *

---

* Mr. R. who had hitherto been known to the world as a worthy, pains-taking compiler of history, no sooner found

A race for which you're little fitted,
Witness the world's confounded jeering !

---

himself shut out of Parliament, than he began to turn his attention seriously to politics. In order to take as comprehensive a view as possible of public affairs, he retired to a small village in Lancashire. There he made a vast survey of the Continent, and, like Friar Bacon's head of brass, spoke of time past, present, and to come. In a critical hour, his aweful " Considerations" made their appearance in public. The friends of the Talents triumphed. The work, as Mr. Fox said of Sir Phillip Francis's speech, was *unanswerable*—that is, as Mr. Fox himself explained his own meaning, " until it was answered." Serious thoughts were entertertained in the higher circles, that Mr. R.'s force of argument must drive the present Ministers from their places—the Ministers themselves were in a sweat—when lo! *Master William Cobbett* stept forth, and audaciously dared to prove that *Master William R-sc-e* had told only a pack of fibs, and deserved nothing better than a whipping for his pains. Altho' he had pledged his credit that Napoleon is a very good tempered, obliging, little gentleman, nobody would believe him. The ungrateful world fell a laughing to see the grave historian " perplexed in the extreme," and the ministers began to

So have I seen a greybeard trying
To back a mettlesome young filly,
But, 'midst her flirting and high-flying,
Look rather shy and rather silly:

Till having lost his seat a-straddle,—
His stirrups gone,—his bridle breaking,—
He quits the honours of the saddle,
In a mud ditch his safety seeking:

Then whooping, hallooing, how the boys
Run to the spot to see poor master,—

---

congratulate themselves that what they had at first mistaken for a lion, turned out an animal of a less terrific description. Mr. R. is said to have published another political *work*, which I have not seen. But I am told, that as a politician, his writings are *semper idem*,—that is, as *Swift* translated it, "worse and worse." *Ah! le pauvre homme.* S. S.

With their loud laughter and curs'd noise,
Making much worse the dire disaster.

Take thou a hint, dear William, do,—
The case just suiting you know who.
I would not, I, for any "Considerations,"
See grave historians in such situations.

Stick still to your old hackney mare
Of hist'ry, an please 'e;—
Her jog-trot suits 'e to a hair—
She carries safe and easy.

Or if a frolic fancy hit,—
Without much danger or much trouble,
Behind *Nurse Tansiello* you may sit—
Your Peg will safely carry double.

She ambles prettily, I vow—

Aye—you are on the right horse now.

In namby-pamby verse,

Let Nurse,*

Teach Ladies to their Lords so dear,

" To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

But skittish politics, dear Billy, shun

For ever:

O! never

Be made again the wicked sport of fun.

---

* " The Nurse," a Poem, translated from the Italian of *Tansiello*, by Mr. W-ll-am R-sc-e.

ODE

TO

THE FAMILY.

Homines non numerandi sed *ponderandi*.—Vet. Dict.

Argument.

THE Poet divideth Statesmen into heads and tails:—Enlargeth philosophically on the latter, which leadeth to a panegyric on the GR-NV-LLE family—Asketh a question of a Goddess—Praiseth the state-politics of the Talents—Quoteth a vulgar saying, and talketh of fools—Digresseth to Lord T-MP-E, with a hint of his wisdom and piety.—The Poet lamenteth over the fate of his country, and foretelleth that the Ministerialists must go to pot—Addresseth a Lady in office, and requesteth her *necessary* assistance—Singeth the labours of the Opposition—Their devotion to *Magna Charta*—Prophecieth the Family's future fame, and hinteth at the birth of a posterior Minerva.

ODE

TO

THE FAMILY.*

By Wisdom's sons 'thas oft been said
" A Statesman should have a *long head;* "
And lately 'twas opin'd by some,
That he should have too, a *large b-m.*

---

* *Peter Plymley* proposes that we should call the noble Secretary of State for the Home Department, " *our* Lord Hawkesbury." And as long as he so ably fulfils the duties of his honorable, but laborious station, and devotes his days and nights to the service of his country, we shall be proud to call him, as we really think him, " our's." The members of the noble House, who are the subject of our Poet's present Ode, certainly merit the same title, tho' in a sense somewhat different. The whole Family are *ours*, because we pay for them. Some grumblers, indeed, affect to say,

Then let us sing immortal Rollo's * race,
T'whose matchless b-ms all other b-ms give place!
Say, Cloacina, maid divine,
As they're bending o'er thy shrine,
And of various scents and sizes,
Offer down their sacrifices,

---

that eighty thousand a year was more than their talents were worth, even in office, and that it is doubly hard to pay the same sum, and get nothing in return but opposition-speeches. From this sentiment I totally differ, and am inclined to think that the nation, more generous perhaps than just, would rather pay them for their speeches than their measures. We should all, I am sure, lament that the forms of official drudgery should curtail any of "our" Lord Gr-nv-lle's orations, three hours long, on which the House, like a lover, hangs so enamoured,—and is ready, with the fond *Statira,* to exclaim—

"Then he will talk—ye Gods! how he will talk."

S. S.

* "The family of the Granvilles, Grienvilles, or Grin-"viles, are a younger branch of the Grenevyles, descended "from *Rollo*, the first Duke of Normandy."—*Debrett's Peerage.* What a subject for a second Rolliad! I wish our incomparable poet would turn his thoughts that way.

S. S.

Which is of all thy suppliants, declare,
The greatest Statesman— *à la derriere?*

To their vast talents and their weight
Who can due honour give?
Did they not save our sinking state,
And bid us laugh and live?

State-politics, at their desire,
Were turn'd into a farce;
Their military schemes hung fire,— *
Their fiscal hung an a—se.†

Yet still it is affirm'd by some,
A head is better than a b-m:

---

* Vide *Egypt* and *Buenos Ayres.* S. S.

† Even the financial sprightliness of Lord H-nry P-tty, could hardly keep the ways and means moving. S. S.

Such politicians hold, I find,

" Man hath no eyes to see behind ;—

" Noses * in embrio there may lie,

" But what's a nose without an eye ?

" The broadest bottom'd Lord may pass,

" E'en with his head on, for an ass ;

" To flogging bum-proof, while at school,

" Prove fundamentally a fool."

Not so Lord T-mp-e, who so wise doth prove,

So fam'd for eloquence and *vas*,

The hopeful darling ‡ of his mother's love—

The pride of B-ck-ngh-m's great house ! §

---

* *Id est*, " *supplemental* noses." See Hudibras, Cant. 1. S. S.

‡ See a picture in the print-shops, intitled " His Mother's Darling," a striking likeness. S. S.

§ Meaning, of course, the " great house" at St-we. S. S.

From his dear mother he inherits
A portion of her Cath'lic merits:
And as a Cath'lic did beseem,
When he left his lofty station,
He fobb'd * off foolscap—many a ream—
For *works of supererogation.*

Alas! alas!
What's come to pass?
How sad is our condition!
Sing, sing a stave
O'er Britain's grave—
"The Family" are all in opposition!

---

* This expression is not to be taken literally, as tho' the noble Lord's fob were really large enough for a stationer's shop,—but figuratively, for *clàm*, *secreto*, *latenter*.
S. S.

With such ponderosity of pension
I'th' opposite scale, I deem,
The Ministry, the Treas'ry bench on,
Must quickly kick the beam.

Sweet Madam Wr-y,*
Assist, I pray,

---

* Privy keeper to the House of Lords.—However some modern demagogues may exclaim against useless places and sinecures, they must allow the plea of state-necessity for this. From the nature of her official situation, Mrs. W. is a great adept in parliamentary business. She has been heard to remark, that in the whole course of her attendance, she never remembers so many *motions* to have been made as in the present Session, nor so great a quantity of *papers* laid up for the use of the House. This lady has, by long and nice observation, attained to such delicacy of perception in her necessary functions, that it is positively affirmed, she can invariably point out the person from whom every motion comes, altho' not present at the time. Somewhat in the

(Cease for a while your close devotions)
Help me, ere you shut the door,
In the Upper House and Low'r,
To sing their multifarious motions.

---

same way, we may suppose, as *Swift*, describing the various streams of mud and mire that poured down Snow-hill in a City-shower, mentions, that connoisseurs well-versed in a knowledge of the town, could tell

"What street they came from by their sight and smell."

Those of an atrabilious cast, she generally attributes to Lord L-ud-rd-le—the hard and costive to Lord Gr-nv-lle, or Lord G—y—the soft to Lord H-ll-nd, or Lord S-dm-uth. Their motions however, tho' so frequent, have of late been rarely carried thro' the house, so that she has only had an opportunity of hearing them by *report*. She speaks very feelingly of the melancholy situation of Lord E-sk-ne, who is so troubled by flatulence, that he was lately constrained, without coming to any regular motion, to give his disorder vent in a long and loud protest. His physicians incline to attribute his lordship's unhappy malady to the being shut out from his accustomed exercitations in the Court of King's Bench. I

Night after night they loudly bawl—
I envy much their hearers' situations—
For papers, papers, still they call,
Perhaps to hide their own evacuations.*

W-ndh-m and Sh-rry,
Grave and merry,—

---

would seriously advise him to practice on the *dumb-belles*,* and to abstain as much as possible from reading the American papers, or meditating on the American funds. Let him carefully avoid high living, lest, like his great predecessor, the Athenian lawyer, *Demades*, he fall (as his biographer quaintly expresses it) "a prey to his belly and wanton "desires." S. S.

* *Videlicet*,—at the Dardanelles, in Egypt, and at Buenos Ayres. S. S.

* Is not this a mistake in orthography? *Printer's Devil.*

From their heads fly squibbing speeches;
But the loudest noise, Ma'am, comes
From the broader-bottom'd b-ms,
Who let off mines from their big breeches.

By ev'ry speaker's frank confession
'Thas been a very hard-bound session,
Sure ne'er such parliament'ry pother!
And,—so at least I've heard some say—
The Members and Reporters pray
There never may be such another.

But, whether the nation wins or loses,
What care "The Family' a f-rt—a?
To make as many motions as he chuses,
Is a true Briton's Magna Charta.

To the east, the west, the north and south,
Sure Madam Fame, in windy weather,

From her upper or her lower mouth, *
Will trumpet " The Family" together.
While at each op'ra, rout, and ball,
The footmen, coachmen, chairmen all,
Shall cry aloud—" make way, here comes
" The Noble Family of B-ms ! "

From Jove's hard head, by hard knocks parted,
Each schoolboy knows, Minerva started;—
If Wisdom's goddess from " The Family" come,
Most probably, she'll issue from their b-m.*

---

* Every reader of Hudibras knows that Fame hath *two* mouths

† That this idea is not so heathenish as some persons might at first imagine, will be evident to every surgeon who has heard of the case that lately occurred in this metropolis, of a young gentleman, still born, who was found to have a perfect fœtus in his b-m. What sort of a Christian this

little *ex post facto* supernumerary might have turned out, nobody can tell. Some poor folks at a distance, I am told, were seriously alarmed on hearing of the circumstance, fearing that if "The Family" should take to breeding in this manner, and bring forth little expectant placemen, pregnant with other little expectant placemen, not all the reversions in his Majesty's disposal could possibly long suffice to make them all "ours." S. S.

ODE

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD ST-NH-PE.

Argument.

The Poet sheweth that Lord S—— maketh out Pope a liar—praiseth the universality of his Lordship's genius—compareth his Lordship to Apollo and Hercules—commemorateth the wonderful effects of his eloquence, and compassionateth the fate of poor Lord H-wk-sb-ry—mentioneth the great ends for which his Lordship was born, and hinteth at what may be expected from such a head.

ODE.

"One science only will one genius fit,"
So said poor Pope, who boasted nought but wit.
To Pope your Lordship gives the lie,
And proveth most convincingly,
(Most wond'rous, tho' most veritable!)
That you, my noble Lord, are able,
Between the rising and the setting sun,
To do a hundred things as well as one.

Whether you launch ships fit to sail
With their heads foremost or their tail;*

---

* See an account of a late expedition on the *Serpentine*, published by the diurnal historians. The Serpentine, his Lordship declared to all the land-admirals present, answered his purpose quite as well as the Pacific Ocean. S. S.

Whether you printing-presses make,
For any but the Printer's sake ;— *
Whether you logic manufacture,
To serve in case of the head's fracture,
Proving that all good reas'ning lies
Merely in manual exercise ;—†

---

* His Lordship has got a patent for a printing-press, the merits of which are as yet latent, the printers conceiving that its ingenuity far surpasseth its utility ;—and that it is called a *printing* press, on the same principle as *lucus* à *non* lucendo. S. S.

† The newspapers, some years ago, mentioned that his Lordship had invented a *mechanical logic*, or art of reasoning in *wood*. Some universal syllogisms were neatly fitted up in a small box ; by means of which, a tyro in logic might demonstrate by hand the most difficult problems in morals and metaphysics. The progress that just reasoning would have made from such premises may be readily imagined ; but the scheme proved abortive, owing to a base combination of schoolmasters ; who believing that, if it became prevalent, it must infallibly ruin their trade, to the great increase of carpenters, spread abroad infamous reports that it was

Whether you music make or physic,
Tune a guitar or cure a phthisic;—
Whate'er you do, whate'er you follow,
"*Eris mihi Magnus Apollo.*"*

The world thy labors wond'ring sees,
And hails thee a second Hercules,—
But great Alcides ne'er could do
One half such clever things as you:
Appearing unto men and maids—
A perfect Jack of all Trades!

---

the invention of a gentleman who had lost his wits. I am, however, inclined to think that it is still in private use, as several late speeches, in both Houses of Parliament, have contained many symptoms of reasoning *by the box*. S. S.

* The lover of Euphony will take care to pronounce this line with due emphasis—

E-ris mi-hi mag-nus A-pol-lo.

S. S.

Whether as Chancellor or Speaker, Eldon
Hears you address him, does he not cry "well done;"
While lords and lawyers,* like so many leeches,
Hang all enamoured, sucking in your speeches. †
How plain you shew'd the blund'ring House,
The Ministers' logic was mere "chouse," ‡

---

* I have heard that *Sir Samuel Romilly* and *Mr. Richards* think his Lordship no *wit* inferior to the learned Knight immortalized by *Butler*—

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as a learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs fit for scull
That's empty, when the moon is full.

† *Hic omnes sine dubio, et in omni genere eloquentiæ, procul à se reliquit.* Quinctil. lib. x. c. 1.

‡ This, and the following words between inverted commas, are taken literally from one of his Lordship's speeches lately delivered in the House. *Parliamentary Register*, April, 1808. S. S.

While H-wk-sb'ry, struck by your forty-eight pounder,

" Was laid on his back as flat as a flounder."

To thee, the Bar and Senate bow with awe
" Born to teach bishop's gospel, judges law ! "
Sure some Minerva, from thy pregnant pate
(Grant it, kind Heav'n ! before it be too late!)
Will soon step forth to save our sinking state ! *

---

* Our poet seems by this to suppose that Lord M—h—n (who was born in the natural way) is not destined to save the estate of the nation: whether or no he may prove able to save his own, is quite another affair. S. S.

ODE

TO THE

REV. DOCTOR R-ND-LPH,

OF B**H.

Argument.

The Poet evinceth his acquaintance with classical learning, and modestly extolleth Doctor R——'s excellence in letter writing—commendeth his topics and his style—condoleth on his banishment, and pathetically painteth his unhappy fate—describeth his disorder, and the mode of relief—commemorateth an immortal pair—pointeth out a noble subject for biography—hinteth at the effects of envy and spleen, in preventing preferment, and asketh a question well worthy the attention of our ecclesiastial elders—concludeth with a hint.

ODE.

Ye antiquated Ciceros and Plinys—
Ye Senecas, and such like pagan ninnies;—
All ye, who wrote so many silly letters,
"Hide your diminish'd heads" before your betters!

For epistolatory writing,
Doctor R-nd-lph is the man!
Look at those of his inditing—*
Shew his equal, if you can.

---

* The Doctor, a very worthy man tho' no conjuror, lately published, what he called "A Few Observations on the State of the Nation," addressed in a letter to the Duke of B-df-rd. It is therein declared, that we are in the last stage of a mortal distemper, but ("laud we the Gods") the Doctor has a panacea in his pocket;—nothing less than the paying off the national debt by a general contribution,—

Politics he sweetly blends
With his feelings for his friends:
To his dear country, and "dear Lord,"
He gives alternately a word;

---

the same scheme proposed some years ago by the Bishop of Llandaff. To this there can be but one possible objection—that the patient would inevitably be choaked, in attempting to swallow the nostrum. Five hundred and fifty millions of money to be immediately raised! Bravo! The Doctor may well exclaim Ευρηκα:—if he can remove the debt in the way he speaks of, Archimedes was but a baby in comparison, who boasted that he could move our earth, if—he had another to put his foot upon. The Doctor very pathetically deplores the late change of ministry, particularly on account of poor dear Ireland, whither, it seems, he went as chaplain to the Duke; and if he and his Grace had stayed but a little longer, nobody can tell what good they might have done. An Irish bishopric might have chanced to have fallen vacant, and then "*nolo episcopari*," construed according to the most approved version, and "*Ego et Rex meus*," I and my Lord Duke——Alas! good man, when all thy honours were a ripening, to come a nipping frost! S. S.

Now mourns the one,—the other praises,—
By turns our grief and wonder raises!
Then for a metaphor, I vow,
There never was his like 'til now.
In ev'ry page a new one rises,
And this delights, and that surprises:
From trope to trope still see him flying—
He cuts a dash, there's no denying;
Thro' sim'les thick and thin while hopping,
You'd think he ne'er intended stopping;
And, when he stops, you're sure to find
The lazy meaning lagging far behind.

But ah! his sorrows who shall tell,
Exil'd from Ireland, lov'd so well!
Sent back to Bath—oh! what a pity—
Banish'd from Dublin's noble city.

Bath delights him now no more,—
E'en Laura * looks not as before ;—†
Her cushion now he coldly thumps,
And draw!s his text out, in the dumps ;—
No longer rouzes with emotion
His hearers' hearts to warm devotion,
But leaves the stoves to fill each seat
With equable religious heat.

---

* Laura Chapel, where the reverend Doctor, by dint of good lungs and an animated gesticulation, used to preach his congregation into a heat, even in the depth of winter, and vigorously prevented their falling into the arms of Morpheus, notwithstanding the seductions of easy cushions and patent stoves. S. S.

† Our Poet here beautifully paraphrases the motto to the Doctor's Epistle—" *Nam plerisque mutatis, ea quoque mu-* " *tata videntur quæ manent*,—" which literally *done into English*, would run thus, " For the Ministry being changed, " and ' my dear Lord' no longer Lieutenant of Ireland, my " prospects of preferment seem changed also." S. S.

Thro' the Pump-room, lo! he wanders,
And on Dublin Castle ponders,
With step disorder'd see him walking,
With accents dismal hear him talking,
He lists the fiddles,—takes a glass
Of water,—and then lets it pass;—
But nought his fond regrets can e'er abate,
Or soothe the sorrows of his hapless fate!
His soul, surcharg'd with "observation,"
Requires a quick evacuation;—
His pen with ink and words runs o'er,—
He fills a sheet, then calls for more;
Discharging from his aching head
All he has ever heard or read;
He twists, he turns, he strives, he strains,
To ease the load upon his brains;
Then in a flood of figures vents
On his "dear Lord" their whole contents!

The Duke and Doctor—worthy pair !—
Our equal admiration share :
Tis difficult to say which is,
Of the dear twain, the greatest quiz.*

O R-nd-lph ! fail not to record
Each deed and word of your " dear Lord ;"
That at some future, distant day,
When Britain mourns him dead,
The world in wire-wove quarto may
Know all he did and said.

Then will each reader, in amazement crost,
Exclaim—" oh! what a statesman† there was lost !"

---

* " Vir *bonus* est *quis*."

† His Grace's " Talents," as a Statesman, are too well known to need illustration from my pen. Whether he be as excellent a judge of sheep and oxen as his late brother,

While thou, a *patriot* true, shalt think with pain,
On such a *patron* ne'er to look again.
It must, I'm sure, be envy's work, or spleen,
That thou, dear Doctor, art not yet a Dean:

I feel myself incompetent to decide. The Doctor's Epistle was written to him during a Tour in the Highlands, whither he went, I am informed, for the express purpose of having ocular demonstration of the mode of foddering cattle, in use among that sharp-sighted people. Some persons have affected surprise that the Doctor did not accompany his "dear Lord" in this excursion, as well as to Dublin. But they do not consider the difference of climate, and that the shrewd, biting air of the Highlands, where there is not a single deanery or episcopal palace to shelter one from the inclement weather, might very ill have agreed with the reverend Chaplain's constitution. Let us be thankful that the Duke took so far a journey, in order to enable the Doctor to write so long a letter; and that, while his Grace was making profound observations on the agriculture of the Hebrides, his chaplain was making observations no less profound on the politics of Europe. S. S.

And where, I beg to know, can our Church fish up
A Doctor fitter to be made a Bishop? *

But if preferment's path you take, †
Dear Doctor take a hint;—

---

* It was said by Bishop *Warburton* of Dean *Tucker*, that he was too good a Politician to make a good Divine. Doctor R–nd–lph need fear no such rebuke from the Bishop of Bath and Wells; his Epistle is a satisfactory proof that he is laudably ignorant on all those topics that come not within the province of a Doctor of Divinity. S. S.

† Since writing a preceding note, I have been told by those who know the Doctor best, that no member of the Established Church can have a more constitutional antipathy than he has to a mitre and lawn sleeves; and that, were he obliged, in deference to higher authority, to accept them, the melancholy consequence would probably be, an inquest of *felo de se*, or *non compos*. Of this temperament were many holy men among the primitive Christians. Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, relates that Evagrius ran away for fear of a bishopric, and that Ammonius cut off one of his ears to render himself incapable of it. H. E. l. iv. c. 23.

Long letters for your " dear Lord's" sake,
Still write—but do not print.*

At the present day, it might perhaps sound rather oddly, to read in the B-th paper, that " On —— last, the Reverend " Doctor R—— was found by one of the vergers, hanging " from the Episcopal stall of —— Cathedral. The cause " of the rash act is said to have been a *Conge d' Elire*, " lately issued." S. S.

* Perhaps our Poet's advice may not be much amiss. If I remember right, this is the Doctor's *second* exploit in the epistolatory line. Has he forgotten the old saying ?—

Tempora mutantur————
————*litera scripta manet.*

S. S.

ODE

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD GR-Y,

(LATE LORD H—WI—CK).

Argument.

The Poet asketh a question of infinite importance—lamenteth his Lordship's late silence—commemorateth his singular modesty—talketh of his rival, and concludeth pathetically.

ODE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD GR—Y.

WHERE now, I pray,
Is good Lord Gr—y?
Is he alive, or is he dead?
Or to Northumberland far fled?
His voice I now can never hear:—
He has got the pip, I fear.
Since he has left the Lower House,
He's been as silent as a mouse,
To the alarum of that tongue,
Which thro' the Senate loudly rung,

What could have put a stop ?
Where hides he now those sable locks,
Whose scanty hair the barber mocks,
" A melancholy crop ? " *

How chang'd the man, since chang'd his name,
We scarcely know him for the same ;—

---

* This line, at once so poetical, and so appropriate to the noble subject of the present Ode, is evidently borrowed from a beautiful little poem of Mr. William Wordsworth, beginning thus—

" There is a thorn—it looks so old,
In troth you'd find it hard to say,
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and *grey*."

The Poet proceeds to tell us—that,

" Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop."

How alter'd evr'y feature !
Discarded now from pow'r and place,
He seems asham'd to shew his face ;—
A modest, bashful, creature !

C-nn-ng's fame and C-nn-ng's praise *
Perhaps his Lordship's envy raise,—
He hides his head for shame :
For, I've been told, he cannot bear,
His rival's hated name to hear,
And sickens at his fame,

---

* I need not draw the contrast between the two Secretaries. Their measures have sufficiently done that. The only serious charge I have ever heard made against Mr. C-nn-ng is—that he can write epigrams, and has an infinite deal of wit. Certainly no accusation of this kind was ever brought against Lord H-w-ck. But if nature hath preserved him from the possession of so "perilous" a gift, let him (as honest *Dogberry* says) "give God the praise, and "make no boast of it." S. S.

Alack-a-day,

For poor Lord Gr-y !

Be this doleful ditty sung—

" Poor Lord Gr-y has lost his tongue !"

ELEGIAC ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE M-RQU-S OF D-GL-S,

ON A

late melancholy Event.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

" *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus*
" *Tam chari*" PIGTAIL?

Note.

* This Elegy was composed, after the M———s's dispatches were received, containing a confirmation of the afflicting tidings. But as, amid the rapid succession of important events which, during the last year, took place on the Continent, some of our readers may not have a clear recollection of the circumstance alluded to, I subjoin a short paragraph copied from the *Times*, which has always been celebrated for the priority of its foreign intelligence, and which, in the present instance, gave to our Ministers at home the first hint of the deplorable catastrophe.

From the Times, *April* 1, 1807.—"It is with unfeigned "regret that we this day notice a report which has just "reached us thro' our correspondent at St. Petersburgh, "relative to an unpleasant occurrence *personally* con- "cerning the British Ambassador at that Court. We "would earnestly desire to avoid spreading ambiguous ru- "mours on such an occasion, but the facts come to us, "clothed with such an air of authenticity, that we are, "however reluctantly, compelled to give them credit. It "is confidently whispered in the highest Russian diplomatic "circles, that His Excellency the M——s of D———— has "lost his T***! Neither the time when, nor the place "where, are mentioned, but strong hints are thrown out "as to the perpetrator of this gross violation of the laws "of nature and of nations. As dispatches from his Lord- "ship are daily expected, a short time will probably clear "up this mysterious affair. In the meantime, our readers "will see the propriety of our abstaining from any further "comment."

ELEGIAC ODE.*

O Venus and all ye fair Graces bewail
The loss of the M-rq-s of D-gl-s's T**l!
His t**l is cut off, † and is now gone for ever;—
Ah! sure such a p-gt-il before was seen never:
So stiff and so strait, and then, oh! such a size,
To the M——s 'twas dearer by far than his eyes.

---

* ———— *Funis Passeris*—a Catullo.
Lugete o Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.

† *Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ,*
Passer deliciæ meæ puellæ,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat:
Nam mellitus erat, suamque norat
Ipsa tam benè quam puella matrem.

On his back hung so graceful this long queue of hair,*

As he danc'd how it bobb'd up and down, here and there:—†

Such a p-gt-il no Plenipo ever display'd—

Nought e'er could withstand it, wife, widow, or maid,

Now dissever'd by Russians, so brutish, in twain,

This prince of p-gt-ils we shall ne'er see again:‡

Perhaps destined to stuff some vile carrier's pack-saddle §

On which to Siberia he bumps it a-straddle.

---

* *Nec sese a gremio illius movebat;*

† *Sed circumsiliens modò huc modò illuc,*
Ad solam Dominam usque pipiabat.

‡ Even the saving virtues of "*Mockrifuschky's Russia* "*Oil,*" so famed for restoring the tails of horses and asses, have been applied, alas! in vain, to repair the M–rq-s's irreparable loss. S. S.

§ *Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum*
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.

On the Northern Barbarians * may the French
disease fall— †
May Napoleon confound them—bears, barbers,
and all !
His p-gt-il so noble they've ravished away— ‡
The M——s he groans, sighs, and cries, " lack-a-
" day,"
" Dismal day !
" O my Ta—l ! †
" Oh ! "

---

* *At vobis malè sit, malæ tenebræ*
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis:

† This expression is not to be mistaken for the common prosaic curse of " pox take 'em," but poetically alludes to the foul political disorder, which has destroyed the constitutions of all the Continental powers, owing to their French connexions. S. S.

‡ *Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.*
O factum male, *o miselle passer!*

EPITHALAMIUM

ON

LORD AND LADY P***Y.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Αει τοις μικροις μικρα διδωσι θεοι.*
DICT. ANTIQ. GRÆC.

The Gods to little men give little wives.

HASTE away—

Hymen, pray,—

* To the general truth of this ancient maxim, there was once an unfortunate exception, in the case of Count B. a Polish dwarf, 3 feet high, who not minding his Greek, married by some mistake a lady 3 feet taller than himself; and tho' she contrived to have a pretty numerous family, it is said that she did not always treat him on a proper level, sometimes (if he unhappily displeased her) setting him upon the chimney-piece, to the great danger of his neck. I trust that Lord H. P. will be placed in no such distressing dilemma, but that he may find the matrimonial yoke lighter and pleasanter than the ministerial, and never be put to a nonplus to provide "the ways and means" of wedlock. May his Lordship go down the dance, without he or his fair partner making a false step, and when the music's over, and the ball at an end, let this be inscribed on their tomb:

"Here rest, quite tir'd of worldly state and strife,—
"A little statesman and his little wife." S. S.

To Doctors' Commons * quickly go,—

Reg'strar see,—

Pay the fee,—

And thence a licence take, heigh oh!

Out of town,

Ride post down

To my little Lord Ilch-st-r,—

Sweet Str-ng-w-ys

At M-lb'ry stays,

Sighing 'til thy sight hath blest her.

Bid the Vicar

Leave his liquor,

And attend with book of pray'r,—

Bid his clerk, drest

All in his best,

Ready with "amen" be there.

---

* Hymen and Doctor's Commons! Doth not our Bard rather confound Pagan with Christian rites and ceremonies? But probably he has got a poetical licence for it. S. S.

Thither bring, Sir,

A small ring,—Sir,

Let it closely fit her finger;—

Bid the people,

From the steeple,

Pull a merry peal, each ringer.

Lady Betty *

Weds Lord P***y,—

Who with P***y can compare? †

---

* *Bett*-y per metathesin pro *Luc*-y.

† The *great* sense Lady P—— entertains of her Lord's excellent qualities is prettily shewn in the following tender Sonnet, which she is frequently heard singing, accompanied by her guitar. I have looked through the "Elegant Extracts" in vain for the name of the author, and therefore suppose it to be the love-impassioned production of her Ladyship's own muse.

SONNET.

"I have a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
"I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum;
"I've bought him a little handkerchief to wipe his little nose,
"And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose."

So clever he—

So pretty she—

What a pretty little pair!

After wedding

Comes the bedding,*

A young P***y soon there'll be;—†

---

* For a poetical description of the bedding, see Catullus's epithalamium of Julia and Manlius, from which, as the classical reader must already perceive, many of our poet's most beautiful passages are imitated. S. S.

O cubile, &c.
Quæ tuo veniunt here,
Quanta guadia, quæ vaga
Nocte, qua mediâ die
Gaudeat!

† Ludite, ut lubet, *et brevi*
Liberos date:——
Torquatus volo parvulus, &c.

In his lap, Sir,

Giving pap, Sir,

The Ex-Chancellor you'll see.

Then he'll chatter—

What no matter— *

Dance and sing to little laddie ;—

---

* Our poet here, I think, does not display his usual accuracy of judgment, as every philosopher who knows any thing of education, must be aware of the effects of early associations, and consequently of the importance of providing proper subjects to be said or sung to young ladies and gentlemen in their early days. Mister W—ll—m R—scoe, familiarly known among his friends by the title of "*Nurse* R—sc—e," is at present busily engaged, during the intervals of his political researches, in preparing a beautiful collection of poems for the nursery, to be intitled "Lullabies for political Babies," after the manner of "Mother Goose's Melodies." They are to be dedicated to Lord H——y P——y, for whose use they are more particularly intended. I have been favoured by a friend with the following exquisite specimen.—

With what joy, sir,

Kiss the boy, sir,

If he be but like his daddy ! " *

There is scope, sir,

For good hope, sir,

Future senates then may see,

With one accord,

A little lord,

No less a statesman than Lord P. !

To the Tune of " O my kitten."

" O my P—tty, my P—tty,
And O my deary, my deary—
Such a sweet little Lord,
Was never seen far or neary ! "

* *Sit suo similis patri*
——, et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus.

How he'll dance, sir,

Thro' finance, sir,

In figures outdo Pitt and Neckar—

Never yet, sir,

I will bet, sir,

Such a Chanc'lor of th' Exchequer !

FINIS.

W. Lewis Printer,
Paternoster-row.

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